A further Account of the Proceedings of the infamous Tools of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor.

WEDNESDAY, February 22, 1769. [Price Three-pence.]

To the Glorious, Independent, and Unbiaſſed Freeholders of the County of MIDDLESEX.

GENTLEMEN,

GIVE me leave, before I enter upon the immediate ſubject of this paper, to congratulate you on the choice you made laſt Thurſday, and your determined reſolution not to give up your undoubted Rights, as Engliſhmen and freemen, that of chuſing your own repreſentatives. You have ſet a great and glorious example for all the freeholders and electors of this free and powerful nation, which it is not doubted will be followed, upon future occaſions, in every other part of the kingdom.

If this right ſhould, by *any* means, be taken from you, either through the artifice, influence, or corruption of wicked miniſters, or the venality of a Houſe of Commons, then Gentlemen, the only conſolation (if it may be termed a conſolation) you will have, like the *now* enſlaved *Romans*, will be to lament the loſs of your greatly-boaſted liberties, and to ſay, We were *once* free! Oh! how poignant the thought! Will life be worth preſerving when that happens? (and it ſeems not to be far diſtant) No; he who would wiſh to ſurvive *that* day, knows not how to value life; he is a worſe conſpirator than ever *Cataline* was, and deſerves to die the death of a traitor, becauſe he would bind in chains of ſlavery, generations yet unborn. You have *now* another opportunity of ſhewing yourſelves ſuperior to the arbitrary mandates of miniſters, or the corruption of the ——— of ———. On Thurſday you aſſerted your rights as freeholders, and the next day thoſe very men, who were elected to preſerve theſe rights, and the conſtitution unſhaken, declared, by the e————n of Mr. Wilkes, whom you had choſen by your own *free* voice, that you had no ſuch right, and ſtruck a deadly blow at the very foundation of all the liberties of this kingdom. I will ſay no more; every ſincere friend to his King and country muſt be fired with a juſt indignation againſt the authors of a meaſure ſo deſtructive to this nation.

Since the publication of my laſt paper upon the proceedings of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's Secret Committee, at the Lebeck's Head tavern in the Strand, Mr. Juſtice Kelynge, John Broughton, bruiſer, and the famous George B————x, (who was taken for Juſtice Pell) deputy ſecretary to a ſociety in the Strand, and clerk to the

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the commiſſioners for p——g W————r, have thought proper, through a conſciouſneſs of guilt, and to carry on their infamous work with more ſecrecy, to move themſelves from that houſe; and the chairmen have, for three weeks paſt, at different times, been paid at the houſe of Mr. B———— in Weſtminſter, a very ſmall diſtance from the *conſcientious* Juſtice Kelynge's, in Downing-ſtreet; and they have had tickets given them, about the ſize of a crown-piece, mentioning the day on which they were to attend, and ſigned G— B——. They have been joined in this buſineſs by the famous Mr. Thomas Stone, formerly deputy marſhal of the admiralty; who, in the courſe of the election at Brentford, in December laſt, acted as a kind of under-agent for Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, the ſame Thomas Stone ſwore and publiſhed an affidavit in the Evening Papers, charging one David Harper, of Spitalfields, with hiring a mob for Mr. Serjeant Glynn, which charge was immediately refuted by a counter affidavit of Mr. Harper's. The ſame Mr. Stone appeared as a witneſs at the Old Bailey, on the trials of Balfe and M'Quirk, and there fired off a ready-charged evidence, perfectly underſtood by judge, jury, and court.

Since the trial of the rioters, this ſame Mr. Stone has been employed in the following infamous buſineſs: he has been at different public houſes, ſometimes at the Lebeck's Head in the Strand, and ſometimes at a houſe in Weſtminſter, attended by a perſon he called his clerk, where he hired ſeveral deſperate, abandoned fellows, to the number of about twelve, at half a guinea a day, who were to be paid and maintained till the *ſervice was done*. They were for themſelves to ſwear, that they were hired as a mob to go down to Brentford for Mr. Serjeant Glynn, under directions to clear the huſtings, and ſuffer none to poll for Sir William Beauchamp Proctor. They were alſo to raiſe recruits for this ſervice, and for every man brought in, received a half-guinea for procuring, and the new-raiſed recruit another, for ſwearing. Theſe men were never queſtioned as to names, buſineſs, or habitations, but were told they might ſwear in what names, and give what places of abode they pleaſed. In conſequence of that, many were ſworn by falſe names and dwellings. The following is the manner in which they were examined by Mr. Stone:

Queſtion. So you was at Brentford on the Eighth of December?
Anſwer. Yes.
Queſtion. So you was hired to go down for Mr. Serjeant Glynn?
Anſwer. Yes.
Queſtion. You met, I think in Piccadilly, with one Lane, who aſked who you was for? You replied, Wilkes and Glynn. He ſaid, he was glad of it, and bid you follow him to the Hercules Pillars, where you had rum, or brandy, or ale given you, which was it?
Anſwer. Rum, Sir.
Queſtion. And then he took you to the yard, where there were ſeveral bundles of bludgeons, and ordered you to take one and go down to Brentford? (as above)
Anſwer. Yes, Sir.
Queſtion. And you was to have a guinea for your day's work, of which he gave you a quarter of a guinea in hand?
Anſwer. Yes, Sir.
Queſtion. All very right.

Theſe affidavits have been ſworn before Juſtice Miller, of Weſtminſter, to the amount of fifty or ſixty.

I ſhall

I ſhall ſay nothing to aggravate the crimes of theſe wretches, but leave them to the ſtings of a wounded conſcience and ſelf-condemning tortures; and proceed to lay before the public a letter I received on Friday laſt, which muſt make all ſurprize and aſtoniſhment ceaſe, in regard to the murders at Brentford and the tranſactions ſince, and brand to eternal infamy that adminiſtration under which a bloody and inhuman murder has been protected and preferred. And afterwards I ſhall proceed to a refutation of all Juſtice Kelynge's ſolemn declarations, publiſhed in the news-papers.

SIR, *London, February* 16, 1769.

" The following detail, I give you my ſolemn oath, *is every tittle*
" *ſtrictly true.* I have endeavoured many times to make the public
" acquainted with it, but to no purpoſe;—your impartiality makes
" me hope you will have more juſtice than to refuſe giving it a
" place in your publication, that the world may ſee that govern-
" ment's *protecting* and *rewarding* a murderer is no new thing.

" *Yours,* ANTI SEJANUS."

About two years and a half ago a court-martial was held by the marine officers at P———h, upon a young man who had deſerted. They found him guilty, and ſentence of death was pronounced upon him.—The criminal was an Engliſhman, and one who had ever borne a good character in his corps.

Some days after a warrant came down for his execution, which in a few hours was followed by his Majeſty's pardon, for he was truly an object of the royal mercy. Both thoſe warrants came directed to the commanding officer of the marines in P———h barracks, which, unfortunately for the poor priſoner, happened to be Major C———l.

It may be neceſſary here to ſay a word or two concerning the riſe of this man, by which we may be guided to account for his ſubſequent behaviour. C———l was born in the North of Scotland, of poor and mean parents, who were ſtrongly infected with Jacobitiſm. His father and one brother were both preſent at the battle of Culloden, but our hero had not an opportunity to ſhew his regard for the *good old cauſe*, as an accident, not much to his honour, drove him away from his country into England, where he liſted for a marine, and went with Commodore Anſon in his memorable voyage round the world. Our Major had the good fortune to ſurvive that perilous undertaking, and had a commiſſion of marines given him ſoon after his return, in which he continued till he was appointed a Major.

His fondneſs for his country manifeſted itſelf in every thing, and his partiality for Scotchmen was exceeded by nothing but his hatred to the Engliſh, to whom, on all occaſions, he bore the moſt rancorous antipathy; nay, the very language he could never bring himſelf to learn, but to this moment talks the ſtrongeſt, harſheſt jargon, that is impoſſible for an Engliſhman to underſtand.—Such is the redoubtable Major C———l!

To this man came the warrant for execution, and the King's pardon. The firſt was communicated to every body; the latter he kept a moſt profound ſecret; though for what reaſon nobody was ever able

able to gueſs, unleſs to have an opportunity of indulging his *bloody* and *inhuman* diſpoſition.

A day was appointed by the Major for the execution, and every previous ſtep taken to augment the horror and melancholy of the ſpectacle.

The arms of the platoon, who were to be the executioners, were ordered to be brought to the Major's quarters, who obliged the Adjutant to ſee them loaded, and to have freſh flints put into each muſket; after which they were carried into the field, (where all the body of marines was aſſembled) and delivered to the men who were to perform the diſagreeable ſervice.

The unfortunate victim drew tears from the ſurrounding multitude; his youth, his manly and decent deportment, made compaſſion and pity ariſe in every breaſt; but that of the cruel and obdurate Scotch Major, who ſeemed to enjoy, with exulting inſolence, the diſtreſs and anxiety of the unhappy ſufferer, that with tears aſked him, "If "there were no hopes, and if he muſt die?" The tender Major anſwered him, in a Scotch dialect, that "There is none;" and bid him "make haſte and prepare himſelf."——Turning then to the platoon, he ordered them to "ba ſure and lavel weel." He then walked from before them, and the unfortunate man, at the ſame time, dropped his handkerchief, (the fatal ſignal); immediately the platoon fired, and the bleeding victim had no occaſion for the pardon which the Major produced from his pocket, and offered the Adjutant, who refuſed it, ſaying, "It is now of no uſe." The Major continued to glut his bloody diſpoſition, by viewing the bleeding object he had juſt murdered, and made all his men march one by one paſt the dead body. However, by this time, the populace, apprized of what had happened, threatened revenge, and would have torn the bloody monſter to pieces, had he not made his eſcape to his barracks; from whence, in the dead of the night, he ſet out for London, where he told his ſtory to his friend S———s, the ſecretary of the a————y, who was his patron's (Lord A——'s) private ſecretary, for whoſe ſake he was determined to ſcreen this man, and went with him to the Firſt Lord of the A————y, to whom he made ſo *falſe* a report, laying the whole on accident, (though it was apparently *deſign*) that the matter was huſhed up, and no enquiry made from that hour to this, of any particulars relating to this foul and bloody murder.

With a diſpoſition ſo prone to do miſchief, and to obey *any* commands, let them be *of what nature ſoever*, joined to a conſcience that never knew remorſe, it may be ſuppoſed he was judged too uſeful a man to be diſmiſſed from his command, or ſuffered to return to his obſcure dwelling in the Highlands. To reward him then for ſuch noble, daring, and his foul and premeditated murder, he was ſhortly after promoted to the rank of L———t C———l, and at this hour commands a body of two thouſand armed men at P————, ready to commit any maſſacre which the enemies to our excellent conſtitution ſhall order him.

Let adminiſtration read theſe facts and bluſh, but deny it if they can.

To William Kelynge, Eſq; Agent to Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and one of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace.

SIR,

I HAVE with much indignation obſerved of late, the many deſperate attempts that have been made to deſtroy the great bulwark of

of Engliſh Liberty, the freedom of elections, which made me watch narrowly the actions of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's tools, who wantonly ſhed the blood of many, whoſe innocence was no ſecurity againſt ſuch deſperate men*, I had determined more than one month paſt, that thoſe who were inſtrumental in the deſtruction of their fellow ſubjects, ſhould be treated with the contempt they deſerve; with that view, ſir, I wrote and publiſhed that moſt infamous, falſe, and ſcandalous paper (as you are pleaſed to term it) intitled, "The *Infamy* of Justice Kelynge, Justice Pell, and John Braughton, bruiser, or, the Tranſactions of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's secret Committee;" a paper you ſay, replete with the moſt malevolent falſehoods, and ſentiments of the moſt flagitious tendency. Pray, ſir, is truth a malevolent falſehood? and are ſentiments which flow from a juſt indignation againſt thoſe who would deſtroy all that is held dear amongſt men? their liberties are of a moſt flagitious tendency; and give me leave to tell you, that the credibility of that paper, is not deſtroyed (as you apprehended) by the affidavit of Justice Pell, nor by your performance of Friday, the 10th Inſtant; notwithſtanding, you did it in deference to the opinion of many friends of rank and character; you mean, I ſuppoſe, Sir W—B—P—, Lord H—, and the Duke of N—; Broughton, Burn, and Teatem. I ſhall now proceed to your ſolemn declarations, though I am almoſt aſhamed to confute them, they are ſo much like the declarations of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's; firſt, you declare you never hired, or employed any perſon to hire, any man, or body of men, to go to the Brentford Election; you ſeem, ſir, to make a very unneceſſary, and in this caſe, equivocal diiſtinction, between the words *hire* and *agree*, and I own with you, that the perſon who tranſacted this buſineſs, was not employed by you, for that purpoſe only, but to do other dirty work.

Second ſolemn declaration, I never paid, or cauſed to be paid, any man, or body of men, either for having been at the Election, or on account of ſuch men's having been wounded. What! did you pay them for going to Brentford? or did you pay them to ſave Sir William Beauchamp Proctor the trouble? Or, was it for murdering the Freeholders of Middleſex? and, why were ſome paid 5s. 3d. extra, if it was not on account of their having been wounded? was it, becauſe they did more miſchief than the others?

Third ſolemn declaration, I have not employed any man as clerk, for the laſt four years; pray, ſir, what do you call him? was he employed as a gentleman, jointly with you, in this famous buſineſs? or is he an agent of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's, as you are? (only an inferior one) or your companion? be that as it may, he paſſed for your clerk, and ſtiled himſelf ſo.

Fourth ſolemn declaration, I declare never to have aſked any man, whoſe liſt he was upon; pray, ſir, did you aſk each man, what liſt he was, inſtead of whoſe? this is a poor evaſion indeed, you go on in the ſame ſentence, and ſay, or to have ſworn ſuch men to ſecrecy, you made them ſwear, never to diſcover, that they were hired for any other purpoſe, but to keep the peace, or that they ever received any money, particularly from you; if this is not ſwearing them to ſecrecy, I really know not what to call it, and beg your worſhips pardon.

Fifth ſolemn declaration; I declare, I never heard any man ſay, he had orders to prevent Serjeant Glynn's friends polling, provided he had the majority; pray, ſir, were not theſe men hired to clear the

* See Kelynge's declarations, publiſhed in the News-papers.

way

way for Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's friends to poll? and, did not the men declare to you, that there was a ſignal given, when Sir William's inſpectors found the Serjeant was a-head?

Sixth ſolemn declaration; I never heard of the paſs-word Lambeth, or any other, or of any orders being given to pull down the huſtings, and deſtroy the books. I ſhall flatly contradict this aſſertion, and in my turn, declare, that you know thoſe men had ſuch orders, and that the paſs-word *Lambeth* was given from the Huſtings, by Sir William Beauchamp Broctor's ſteward or agent. Now, ſir, I will proceed to your own confeſſion, (but firſt, I muſt acquaint you, you have done what the laws of your country ſtrictly forbid, you have convicted yourſelf.) You ſay, ſeveral informations were ſworn before me, of people who had been at the Brentford election, (this every body believes, the purport of which was perfectly innocent) that is doubted much, viz. that they were ordered to aſſiſt the Freeholders in general (you ſhould have ſaid, thoſe in the intereſt of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor only) to get up to the huſtings to poll, that they were to demean themſelves peacably (that was not their orders, but you made them ſwear it) to take no ſticks or bludgeons with them, (you ſhould have told the publick, that ſticks were procured on purpoſe for them) and to keep ſober, (how was that poſſible, when they had as much porter allowed as they would drink, before they ſet off upon their march, and all Sir William Beauchamp Proctor's houſes were open for them.) I declare, I never examined any men, touching the election (I do not know what you call examining any men, you aſked them ſeveral queſtions about their being at Brentford, as ſtated in my laſt paper, as to "touching the election," I do not ſuppoſe you aſked them if they went to poll for his honour, Sir William, though ſeveral ſwore, they had ſomething better than votes, meaning their bludgeons) or threatened to ſend any man to Newgate for refuſing to ſwear (do you remember a chairman coming to you at the Lebeck's Head, on behalf of another, who he ſaid was ill in bed, in his houſe, and you ſaid, he ſhould be ſent to priſon if he would not ſwear for him, provided he had the guinea) and I declare, I never promiſed to ſupport any man in caſe of a proſecution, or to ſcreen ſuch men ftom puniſhment (this evaſion will do; *you* would not give one ſhilling to ſave all their lives, but you told them, they *ſhould* be ſupported, in caſe of any proſecution, and that they *ſhould* be ſcreened from public juſtice) I was not at Brentford, except the laſt day, in conſequence of an order of the honourable Houſe of Commons; I did not vote at the election (you was never queſtioned about that) nor did I ever attend any committee on that account (pray, ſir, what do you call three or four people, meeting at ſtated times, and at one particular place, to tranſact and manage the buſineſs of any perſon or perſons, but a committee? however, ſiir, if you like it better, I will alter it to the name of a meeting, which I preſume you mean by your evaſion.)

QUESTION. Pray, good Mr. Juſtice Kelynge, did you not tell the Chairmen, that the famous Mr. G— B—, who ſat in the room with you and Broughton, was Mr. Juſtice Pell?

QUESTION. Did you not meet at the Ship in Lambeth, to pay ſix watchmen upon that road, hired to go down to Brentford, as a mob, on the part of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor?

Till you have anſwered theſe queſtions, and refuted my aſſertions, upon oath, you will be looked upon as guilty of every charge which has been brought againſt you.

WILLIAM MOORE.

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